

## The Hickman Courier.

GEORGE WARREN, Publisher.

HICKMAN, : : : : : KENTUCKY.

### NOW THE ACCEPTED TIME.

Why mourn for the birds that have flown far away?

There are plenty in numbers about:

My care for the fowls that, erewhile were

Others are just as sweet, in their stead.

Of fair were the yesterday's birds were their

And prelate their histories over:

Yes, of the now, with its largest of powers.

The sunshine and joy at its feet.

Though great were the herons that suffered of

And make the noble ones gone.

As true still remain with their story untold:

All hail to the heroes of now!

Before in the past with memories sweet,

Dejoice in the present as well:

Some day with fond tears will its story re-

And all its proud victories tell.

Then cheer the heart that now faints in the

And give it now good cheer.

Be kind to the one who is nearest by life.

The hand that now toils, O spare!

Soiled day, you may never see its ray

When the heart that now throbs will be cold:

Then whisper the sympathy need so much,

And let the love long unkind.

Ah, the present! Its page presses close to our

And we take the sweet lesson it reads:

Alas! the past, the one who is nearest by life.

And yet they are with us in our life.

What to-morrow will be for us in vain:

Then cherish the now, and let its ray

And banish the sorrow and its ray.

—Mrs. S. R. Clark, in N. Y. Examiner.

### THE WIZARD OF WALWORTH.

I was recently in company with the

medicated with a parish the name of

which need not be here mentioned. He

was on a dilapidated dwelling ex-

position, and in a dreary little room

in one of a long row of houses, where

we found a man and his wife. It need

but a single glance to discover that

they were deeply plunged in poverty.

The woman was plainly much poorer

than the man, whose age could not

have been more than twenty-six, and

she—in a dirty, tattered gown, and

with her head tied in a ragged cloth

suffered from neuralgia—was about to

sit down to a meal, of which dry bread

and a toasted herring were the chief in-

gredients. But as the man, who was

the husband's appearance. It was un-

mistakable that he was not of the com-

mon back-street type of humanity. He

was intelligent-looking and smartly

built, and, attired in decent clothes,

would have presented quite a genteel ap-

pearance. At ordinary times he might

probably have passed as good looking,

but he decidedly was not so now, and

his face distorted into an insolent,

scowling sneer occasioned, seemingly,

by the medical officer's stare of sur-

prise. "You fit these places, Ham-

shire remarked. To which, with a bul-

lying and defiant manner, the man (the

woman, who seemed nervous and afraid

of him, began to cry) made no reply.

"Here—yes. You are precious sorry

for me, no doubt; and more sorry

still for Mrs. Hamshire, who is always

glad of something to say, her self, and

you, mying. You may, to blame the

whole lot of you, for all I care, and

take her with you."

When we had examined the other

rooms of the house and entered the

street, I remarked to my companion:

"You appeared surprised at finding

that man, who was without his wife,

and living with his mother. What is

what is he?" "He is about as thorough-

going a rascal as you would find in a

day's marching," was the reply. "I

am sure you would not find him so

if you were not so sure of his being

what he is. I should have supposed

he would have been glad to do so, con-

sidering how narrow an escape he had

of being sent to the penitentiary, prob-

ably, probably. His wife—the woman

you just now saw—was implicated in

the affair. I am almost sure that he

believes she gave more to pity than

blamed for the share she took in it. A

stupid creature. She should have known

better than marry the fellow, and she

old enough to be his mother. It is a

queer story altogether." Naturally, I

was curious to know in what his queer-

ness consisted, and inquired to that ef-

fect. "Well, that fellow," said the re-

ply, "I knew all the details of the

story I should only spoil it by attempt-

ing its recital. There is only one in-

dividual who can tell the story properly,

and that is the victim himself, or rather,

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